Charleston Spectator

Charleston, S.C. 1806 Vol. 1

than it is poſſible for any one to expreſs. Having arrived at the houſe of my worthy friend, where I met the moſt cordial reception, I ſought me out a ſpot, where I might, free from interruption, continue my lucubrations. I betook me to the foot of a towering hill, where the gently murm'ring rivulet, ſweetly rolls o'er its pebbled bed, while the neighbouring grove, combined of humble ſhrubs, lofty oaks, and towering pines, whoſe waving foliage catch the murmuring rill, and ſoftly echoes back the plaintive ſound: the ſolemn cooing of the widowed dove; the piercing ſcreech of midnight owl, combine to awake the ſoul to ſolemn contemplations. One lonely Crib, beneath the extended oak, whoſe branching limbs afford cool ſhade, and whoſe expanded leaves arreſt the fleeting breeze, and make its tributary, ſtands by the ſide of ———s ſilvery ſtream. Delightful, lonely, ſolitary ſpot!—tis here I 'll fix my contemplative ſeat, from here addreſs my abſent, much lov'd friends.

ſweet ſolitude!—

Down on the graſſy mead, whoſe velvet ſoftneſs vies with downy beds, I laid my wearied limbs—'Tween Heaven's high arch and me, nought intervened, ſave the arched boughs, entwined with Scandent vines, which formed a canopy of vegetable weaving—the odoriferous Jaſmine, ſcorning the humble mound, towers aloft, exhaling its fragrance to the circling air, and ſpreads around its ſweet perfume—While Calycanthus' modeſt tribe, imparts their concentrated odour to the aſcending breeze, ſweet zephyrs fondly ſkipping o'er the playful wave, impart a pleaſure never felt before.

No rattling midnight coach diſturbs my peaceful ſleep, no dread alarm is ſounded in mine ear, for nature's ſelf retires in awful ſolemn ſilence, and leaves the mind at reſt.

"Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,
With virtues, tranquil wisdom blest;
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.

FRANCIS.

[illegible]
Imposes silence, with a stilly sound.
In such a night, at such an hour as this,
If ancestry in aught can be believed,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets, of the world unknown."

Flattering myſelf to be ſurrounded with "*Millions of Spiritual Creatures*, who walk the earth unſeen," and who might be my conſtant attendants notwithſtanding my retirement, I entered into an examination of myſelf. It awakened in my mind ſuch complicated reflections, as hurried me into a ſtate of ſeeming ſuſpenſe, during which my faculties were totally abſorbed, and a temporary ſleep overpowered my frame.—The ſound of a trumpet loud and ſhrill from the Eaſtward, followed by the appearance of a multitude of men, each having the volumes of their productions conſpicuouſly laid open, were preceded by a grave old perſonage, who in his left hand held ſuſpended the poiſing Balance, and in his right a Vaſe, containing a liquid flame. He advanced toward the ſpot where I lay, and plac-

...rate.—A general murmur taking place among the multitude drew our attention thither; Mr. Addiſon, whom I found my new friend to be, deſired me to obſerve Juſtice applying the *teſt*.—The works which were to go through the purifying flame were all modern (the ancient had paſſed through years ago).—Many volumes, pamphlets, ſheets, and newſpapers, were tried in the balance; the weights oppoſed, were beauty, harmony, truth, and impartiality,—ſeveral were found wanting in one or other of theſe modern publications; others ſtood the teſt of the balance, and were pronounced, ſtamped, and ſealed ſterling. Thoſe which did not ſtand the teſt, were thrown into the Vaſe, ſome of theſe were entirely and altogether conſumed, nothing coming out but the covers and gilding; others had here and there a few quotations reſerved, all the original was deſtroyed; of others nothing was left but the title page; and of newſpapers, we diſcovered ſome, of which nothing was left but the heading, and a few mer-

...of the Critic's fame.—If they be of that opinion, I ſhall take the liberty, without aſking leave, of diſſenting from them.—Thoſe who are literally ignorant, deſerve our compaſſion, they are entitled to it, and it is beſtowed upon them by every true critic.—There is but one character in the univerſe, which I conſider as a proper ſubject for the laſh of a critic; this character appears in various forms, and ſometimes all thoſe forms are centered into one man. Whoever poſſeſſes prejudice enough, either to approve or to condemn another's talents without proof, or his book or writings without an impartial peruſal, deſerves the laſh: Whoever ſets himſelf up for a critic, without poſſeſſing juſtice and tenderneſs for his cotemporaries: Whoever attempts to command reſpect from others, without the knowledge of reſpecting himſelf: Whoever will perpetually harraſs another, with all the *ſeeming* good nature in the world, and when retorted upon, is for ſnatching fire brands and red hot pokers, to aſſail the "harmleſs

...therefore as pretenders to criticiſm, harraſs the public, by holding up falſe imperfections to view, while at the very moment, the want of juſtice and tenderneſs are diſcoverable in themſelves, criticiſm will continue in diſrepute among the penetrating part of our citizens, our youths will be diſcouraged from offering their productions; hence they will loſe their reliſh for thoſe favourite entertainments, and will dwindle into negligence and inactivity. On the other hand, the true critic, who poſſeſſes all the qualifications neceſſary to conſtitute the character; while with one hand he gently, and as it were imperceptibly, clears away the droſs and rubbiſh, feeling ſenſibly the neceſſity of wounding, without lacerating, with the other he brings forth the pure metal, ranging it in the claſs of immortal compoſition, which ſhall "live unwounded by the ſhafts of envy, and ſhall deſcend in a torrent of applauſe from one century to another. A thouſand of their critics will exiſt and be forgotten; a thouſand of their imitators will ſink into contempt, but

...fate.—A general murmur taking place among the multitude drew our attention thither; Mr. Addiſon, whom I found my new friend to be, deſired me to obſerve Juſtice applying the *teſt*.—The works which were to go through the purifying flame were all modern (the ancient had paſſed through years ago).—Many volumes, pamphlets, ſheets, and newſpapers, were tried in the balance; the weights oppoſed, were beauty, harmony, truth, and impartiality,—ſeveral were found wanting in one or other of theſe modern publications; others ſtood the teſt of the balance, and were pronounced, ſtamped, and ſealed ſterling. Thoſe which did not ſtand the teſt, were thrown into the Vaſe, ſome of theſe were entirely and altogether conſumed, nothing coming out but the covers and gilding; others had here and there a few quotations reſerved, all the original was deſtroyed; of others nothing was left but the title page; and of newſpapers, we diſcovered ſome, of which nothing was left but the heading, and a few inter-

...of the Critic's lain.—If they be of that opinion, I ſhall take the liberty, without aſking leave, of diſſenting from them.—Thoſe who are literally ignorant, deſerve our compaſſion, they are entitled to it, and it is beſtowed upon them by every true critic.—There is but one character in the univerſe, which I conſider as a proper ſubject for the laſh of a critic; this character appears in various forms, and ſometimes all thoſe forms are centered into one man. Whoever poſſeſſes prejudice enough, either to approve or to condemn another's talents without proof, or his book or writings without an impartial peruſal, deſerves the laſh: Whoever ſets himſelf up for a critic, without poſſeſſing juſtice and tenderneſs for his cotemporaries: Whoever attempts to command reſpect from others, without the knowledge of reſpecting himſelf: Whoever will perpetually harraſs another, with all the *ſeeming* good nature in the world, and when retorted upon, is for ſnatching fire brands and red hot pokers, to aſſail the "harmleſs

...therefore as pretenders to criticiſm, harraſs the public, by holding up falſe imperfections to view, while at the very moment, the want of juſtice and tenderneſs are diſcoverable in themſelves, criticiſm will continue in diſrepute among the penetrating part of our citizens, our youths will be diſcouraged from offering their productions; hence they will loſe their reliſh for thoſe favourite entertainments, and will dwindle into negligence and inactivity. On the other hand, the true critic, who poſſeſſes all the qualifications neceſſary to conſtitute the character; while with one hand he gently, and as it were imperceptibly, clears away the droſs and rubbiſh, feeling ſenſibly the neceſſity of wounding, without lacerating, with the other he brings forth the pure metal, ranging it in the claſs of immortal compoſition, which ſhall "live unwounded by the ſhafts of envy, and ſhall deſcend in a torrent of applauſe from one century to another. A thouſand of their critics will exiſt and be forgotten; a thouſand of their imitators will ſink into contempt, but

Aug 9, 1806

THEY ſhall defy the force of time; continue to flouriſh through every *faſhion* of philoſophy, and like Egyptian Pyramids, periſh but in the ruins of the globe."

With ſuch incentives as theſe, the natural genius of our youths will be awakened and invited forth. Surely none will deny, that there is pure metal in all ore, ſome pure gold, ſome ſilver, braſs, Iron, lead, &c. &c. each and every one of which poſſeſs their own intrinſic value, and in their reſpective places are rendered eſſentially uſeful. He who would attempt to convert gold into iron or lead, is a proper ſubject to be expoſed to the Critic's laſh!!!

Gregory Goggle, S. C.

—

To Gregory Goggle, Eſq. Superior Critic to his Majeſty Quamina Quiz, Muſe of Criticiſm.

Eſteemed and worthy Sir,

The pleaſure which I have derived from your elegant Strictures on Criticiſm, guided by that ſpirit of impartiality, which renders you the admiration of our Republic, induces me to preſent to your notice a communication forwarded to my Grand-Father ſome years ago, and which I conceive adapted to the times: I confeſs to you it has been made public, but it is ſo well ſuited to the preſent Rage for Criticiſm, that I am ſenſible you will, with me conſider it as worthy a place in your elegant, entertaining, and inſtructive paper. Should you Sir, condeſcend to favour it with a place contiguous to your third Stricture, you will confer a favour on your friend and conſtant reader.

Amaziah Fitz-Adam.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I was greatly ſurpriſed, that when in a late paper you were diſplaying your knowledge in diſeaſes, and in the ſeveral ſpecifics for their cure, you ſhould be ſo forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at preſent is not only epidemical, but of the fouleſt and moſt inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned the *cacoethes carpendi*, and by the vulgar, Criticiſm. It is not more true that every man is born in ſin, than that he is born in criticiſm. For many years indeed the diſtemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in its conſequences; ſeldom attacking any but philoſophers and men of learning, who from a ſedentary life and intenſe application to books, were more open to its influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to ſpread itſelf among the great, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble diſtemper, is deſcended to their inferiors, till at laſt it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is obſervable that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnſhire is moſt liable to an ague, a Yorkſhireman to horſe-ſtealing, and a Suſſexman to ſmuggling, ſo it is alſo obſervable that the perſons moſt liable to the contagion of criticiſm, are young maſters of arts, ſtudents in the Temple, attorneys' clerks, haberdaſhers' prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this diſtemper to be more particularly Engliſh than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might coſt me, to trace it to its firſt principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain ſucceſs. I had diſcovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of evil, which, though no king's-evil, might poſſibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occured to me that the touch of an oak ſaplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte's ſomebody. A linen-draper's prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a ſevere fit, I hinted this my opinion to his maſter, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conſcience by boaſting of its effect, having learned that the lad was ſeen ſoon after at a certain coffee-houſe in the Strand, in all the agonies of the diſtemper.

Untired by diſappointment, I continued my ſearches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myſelf, as well as thouſands of my countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

The cauſe then of this loathſome diſtemper is moſt certainly wind. This being pent in the bowels for ſome time, and the rules of good breeding not permitting it, in public places, to take its natural courſe, it immediately flies up into the head, and after being whirled about for a while in that empty region, at length diſcharges itſelf with great violence upon the organ of ſpeech. This occaſions an involuntary motion in that member, which continues with great rapidity for a longer or ſhorter time, according to the power or force of the original blaſt which ſet it in motion. This volubility, or rather vibration of tongue, is accompanied with certain unintelligible ſounds, which, like the barkings of perſons bit by a mad dog, are the moſt fatal proofs of the malignity of the diſtemper.

The late doctor Monro, who was long ago conſulted upon the caſe, gave it as his opinion, that it was a ſpecies of madneſs, known among the Greeks by the name of *kakothymia*, and among the Romans by *malevolentia*. It is ſaid of that great and h
mane man, that from his concern
theſe poor creatures, he intended, if he had lived a little longer, to have propoſed a new building for their reception, contiguous to that in Moorfields; and a they are quite harmleſs things, would charitably have taken them under his own immediate care. The loſs of that eminent phyſician, were it from no other conſideration, cannot but be lamented as a public misfortune; his ſcheme being intended to prevent the contagion of criticiſm from ſpreading ſo univerſally among his Majeſty's ſubjects. For there is one melancholy circumſtance attending this diſeaſe, namely, that it is of quicker and more certain infection than the plague: being communicated, like yawning, to a large circle of company in an inſtant of time; and (what is ſufficient confirmation of the cauſe) the congregated vapour which is emitted at ſuch times, is more diſagreea-

ble and offenſive than if it had taken its proper and natural courſe.

But the doctor's principal reaſon for conjecturing this diſtemper to be madneſs, was, its being almoſt continually acted upon by external objects. A man in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the ſight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known that perſons afflicted with a criticiſm will be thrown into equal agonies at the ſight of a new book, pamphlet, or poem. But the greateſt and moſt convulſive of all agonies are found to proceed from the repreſentation of a new play. I have myſelf obſerved upon this occaſion a mob of poor wretches ſending forth ſuch diſmal groans and ſuch piercing ſhrieks as have quite moved me: after this they have ſtarted up on a ſudden, and with all the fury of madmen have torn up the benches from under them, and put an entire ſtop to an entertainment, which to pay for a ſight of, they have many of them borrowed the money from their maſters' tills.

That this has the appearance of madneſs, I cannot deny! yet I have ſeen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a red petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the ſillineſs of the bird, rather than to any diſorder in his brain.

But whether this be madneſs or not, the original cauſe is moſt infallibly wind; and to have diſcovered the cauſe of any diſtemper, is to have taken the leading ſtep towards effecting its cure; which is indeed the ſole end and deſign of this letter.

Wind then being the undoubted cauſe of that univerſal diſeaſe vulgarly known by the name of criticiſm, the patient muſt enter into an immediate and regular courſe of carminative. The herbs angelica, fennel, and camomile will be extremely proper for his tea; and the ſeeds of dill, cummin, aniſe, carroway, coriander, or cardamum, ſhould never be out of his mouth. Theſe, by the conſent of all phyſicians, are the great diſpellers of wind. But that is not all. From whence have they their name of carminatives? Not from this quality; here are no traces of ſuch an etymology; but they are happily poſſeſſed of another and more excellent virtue; and that in ſo eminent a degree, as to take their name from it. This is the power of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry, verſes, ſongs, carmina; all that farrago of trumpery, which is ſo ſtrangely jumbled together in the inteſtines of that miſerable invalid who labours under the weakneſs and diſorder of criticiſm. For it is a great miſtake in the learned, that theſe medicines took their name of carminatives from the ancient jugglers in phyſic, accompanying their operation with verſes and ſcraps of poetry, by way of incantation or charm; they certainly obtained this appellation from their wonderful power of expelling that particular ſpecies of wind which is engendered in the critic's bowels by reading of plays, poetry, and other works of wit, too hard for his digeſtion.

That all perſons labouring under an habitual and obſtinate criticiſm, may be induced to enter into this courſe of carminatives, I can aſſure them with great certainty that the operation of theſe medicines, notwithſtanding the prodigious diſcharge of crudities which they occaſion, is not attended with the leaſt ſickneſs to the patient himſelf; he has indeed the appearance of a violent fit of the cholic; but in reality, he has only the trouble of eructation: all the ſickneſs and naufea uſual in other caſes of the like nature, being marvellouſly, in this, transferred to the by-ſtanders.

But as all medicines have not equal effects on all conſtitutions; ſo this, though ſufficient in many caſes, may poſſibly be defective in a few: I have therefore in reſerve a ſecret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this: Let every man who is afflicted with this ſcrophulous diſeaſe immediately turn author. And if it ſhould ſo happen (as it is not abſolutely impoſſible) that his compoſitions ſhould not be adapted to every body's taſte, it will infallibly work ſo upon his ſtomach, as entirely to purge off thoſe indigeſted particles, to which all this foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab-tree, he will never love verjuice.

I am Sir,
Your moſt humb. ſervt.
B. D.

I am ſorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correſpondent. But I cannot allow that a critics turning author will cure him of his malevolence; having always found that the moſt difficult people in the world to be pleaſed, are thoſe who know experimentally that they want talents to pleaſe.

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

A TALE.

Alfred and Amanda were once happy in each others love; they were baſking in the ſunſhine of mutual eſteem; they were enjoying the delicious emotion and indeſcribable ſenſations ariſing from congeniality of diſpoſition and mutuality of affection; they hailed the paſſing moments as full of bliſsful enjoyment; and they anticipated ſtill greater pleaſures when united in the ſilken bands of matrimony.

Amanda was a young lady juſt turned of fifteen, her perſon was lovely, nay it was almoſt faultleſs; her mental acquiſitions were ſurpriſing for her age; and her amiable diſpoſition courted the admiration of the world, and inſured the eſteem of her companions. She was the only daughter of a fond mother, who idolized her as the dear object of her love, who viewed her as the ſole heireſs of her fortunes, and conſidered her as a kind bleſſing ſent to ſooth her declining years. In Amanda all her hopes were centred, and to make her happy was the ſole object of her thoughts and cares. No indulgence was refuſed when Amanda petitioned, and no ſacrifice was too great which Amanda deſired.

Alfred was a ſtudent at law. In his perſon he was genteel, though not of a ſuperior beauty; in claſſic learning and general information he was ſurpaſſed by few; in profeſſional knowledge he was eminent; in his manners pleaſing and conciliatory; in his natural diſpoſition, humane and philan-

thropic; and in his love to Amanda, ardent, ſincere, and conſtant. The firſt time he ſaw her he admired her; the ſecond time he eſteemed her; and the third time he loved her. His love, however, was not the momentary effuſion of thoughtleſſneſs, but, on the contrary, it was founded on eſteem, reared by friendſhip, and matured by reaſon. He loved her as "his ſoul's far dearer part," and conſidered her as the deareſt object of his fondeſt hopes.

Such was Amanda, ſuch was Alfred, and ſuch was their happy ſituation. But alas! how fleeting is all earthly bliſs, how evaneſcent is all human happineſs? We are delighted for a few years, as in a pleaſing dream, by the enchanting voice of pleaſure, and then upon a ſudden, we are awakened by the cries of wretchedneſs. We flouriſh, like a flower, during the ſummer of our proſperity, and then our hopes are ſuddenly blaſted by the ſtormy whirlwinds of approaching winter. Alfred and Amanda were doomed to feel the full force of theſe obſervations. When their happineſs was on the eve of conſummation, an unexpected enemy daſhed the cup of felicity from their lips; when their youthful imaginations had already realized the joys of connubial bliſs, the vile machinations of a malicious foe, were ready to complete their ruin. They were unconſcious of the approaching ſtorm; in an unexpected moment it burſt over their devoted heads.

Among the numerous viſitors at the houſe of Amanda, there was a lady, called Franciſca, an old maid. Franciſca had been once handſome, but increaſe of years, a contention of malignant paſſions in her boſom, and the ravages of diſappointed hopes, had torn the vermilion from her cheeks, deprived her languiſhing blue eyes of their wonted luſtre, and deſtroyed the nice ſymmetry of her features. From the appearance of an angel, ſhe had aſſumed the aſpect of a fury. Still however ſhe could diſſimulate, ſhe could a decent mildneſs and a pleaſing ingenuouſneſs aſſume, while envy and malice were rankling in her heart. She ſaw and envied the happineſs of Alfred and Amanda, and ſhe reſolved to blaſt it in the bud. No care or trouble or pains did ſhe ſpare to accompliſh this malicious deſign. She ingratiated herſelf into the friendſhip of Amanda but to betray her; ſhe gained her confidence but to abuſe it; ſhe entwined herſelf about her heart, but like the "Anguis in Aerba," ſhe ſtung that boſom which cheriſhed her. She ſeized upon a favourable criſis to commence her operations. She invented falſehoods, forged calumnies, retailed ſcandal againſt the character of Alfred. She accuſed him of licentiouſneſs, condemned him as a hypocrite, and moreover imputed to him the worſt of all crimes, at leaſt in the eyes of Amanda, that of inconſtancy. So innocent did Franciſca appear, ſo friendly in her diſpoſition, ſo plauſible in repeating her curſed inventions, that Amanda, in an unhappy moment, forgot the ſolemn vows, the ſworn fidelity, and long-tried conſtancy of her Alfred, and reſolved to tear him from her heart and her confidence forever.—And couldſt thou cruel, unjuſt Amanda, form ſo raſh a reſolution? Couldſt thou dear, lovely girl, ſuffer thyſelf to be deluded, to be ruined by an invidious foe? Couldſt thou believe her malicious calumnies? Couldſt thou ſacrifice thy own and thy Alfred's happineſs to the demon of envy?—Alas! it was even ſo—Amanda had reſolved to forget her Alfred—In the moment of diſappointment, ſhe threw herſelf into the arms of Alberto. Alberto was rich; it was the only circumſtance in his favour, for otherwiſe he was paſſionate, haughty, cruel, and revengeful. The bell that ſounded the completion of their nuptials, knelled her departed happineſs, and her Alfred's death. Alberto became jealous, cruel, and ſuſpicious; Amanda became the victim of ſorrow, of miſery, and of deſpair. But what, it may be aſked, was the fate of Alfred? The news of Amanda's diſpleaſure cut him to the ſoul. He flew to her for an explanation. Amanda refuſed to hear him, ſhe was inexorable to all his intreaties, ſhe even forbid him her preſence, and that *forever*. Diſtracted with diſappointment, overcome by this unexpected misfortune, he ruſhed from her preſence, he threw himſelf upon his couch, he could not reſt, he could only give vent to his feelings by writing to Amanda. The letter was written,—it was ſent—but no anſwer returned. This laſt mark of Amanda's cruelty, was the death-blow to Alfred's peace. He became melancholy and ſerious; his books became tireſome and diſguſting; he ſhunned the ſociety of women, becauſe he thought them all like Amanda, falſe and deceitful; he avoided the company of men, becauſe they ſported with his misfortunes. He was uſeleſs to himſelf, uſeleſs to his relations, uſeleſs to ſociety. At laſt a certainty of Amanda's marriage deprived him of all remaining hope, drove him to deſpondency, and completed the ſad cataſtrophe of his tragic life.

Such was the fate of the once happy Alfred and Amanda, and ſuch is the unvarniſhed tale of their love.—Let future Alfreds and Amandas beware of future Franciscas. Let them read their ſimple ſtory, and learn to avoid their melancholy fate.

Munds, John Sherlock, to Miſs Mary

ALFONSO.

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

THE WAR-WORN SOLDIER.

I ſaw him, leaning penſively upon his crutch, near the remains of an antique building, which tottering upon its baſe, ſeemed to threaten with deſtruction every object that approached it.

I thought he ſpoke, and liſtening, heard him pronounce in ſolemn, majeſtic accents, the following emphatic, and impreſſive words.

Fallen! fallen! fallen!! And will it be credited, that he, who ſacrificed his health, his happineſs, who ſpilt his life-blood at the ſhrine of Liberty, ſhould now be diſbanded without any requite for his ſervices, or ſupport to his declining years, which trembling upon the very brink of the grave, are ſhortly to be launched into eternity? Then turning towards theſe ruins, he exclaimed—Hail, thou venerable relic of antiquity, hail thou beſt friend, who

in reminding me of my ſorrows, pointeſt out a moral, which but for thee, would have been forever dormant: Yes, our race is run!!

While we needed not the prop of our neighbours, we baſked in the ſunſhine of proſperity and of favour, there, firm, ſtable, and independent, we reſted ſecurely, and proudly on our own foundations. We benefitted our friends, were courted and admired, but alas! the walls of our ſtrength are battered down and overthrown, by the levelling arm of Time, or by the withering blaſt of corroding neglect.—

Here then, at thy hallowed baſe, will I reſt my war-worn limbs, and here will I await with anxious expectation, the welcome and final miniſter of Heaven—for my race is run, my voyage over the tempeſtuous ſea of ſublunary life is nearly ended, and my peregrinations on ſome other, and I truſt better planet, muſt ſoon commence. I have, indeed, ſojourned on this too long: I have lived to ſee merit diſregarded, virtue ſlighted, and integrity vilified, and have ſeen the minions of flattery, vice and diſhonour. raiſe their Gorgon heads in ſucceſsful oppoſition to ſuch a phalanx of excellence.

Having thus ſpoken, he ſunk down upon a pile of ruins which was overgrown with turf; and my heart being full, I exclaimed,—Hapleſs, neglected veteran and patriot, thou, who in the field of battle haſt braved the grim deſtroyer death, and with manly front, and firm advancing ſtep, haſt overturned the baſe meſſengers, the unprincipled hirelings of deſpotic inſolence, whoſe "life," whoſe "fortune and whoſe ſacred honour," have been offered up to the ſervice of thy injured country, how do I bluſh for that country which thou haſt ſo much ſerved, but which hath ſo much ſlighted thee.—Oft when the trumpet's rude blaſt has proclaimed the tremendous preparations for attack, haſt thou claſped thy blooming Partner to thy manly breaſt, and with tender ſolicitude, prayed her to be careful of that life, whoſe finis, was thy own annihilation: Oft haſt thou preſſed the budding pledges of reciprocated affection to thy heart, and prayed Heaven to avert the withering breath of ſickneſs from their tender forms; and all this ſacrifice for what no doubt thou termedſt honour, patriotiſm; yet ſtill ſhalt thou have thy reward, for, "There is another, and a better world."

PETRARCH.

ON THE EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

[*Continued from page 55.*]

An inquiry into abſtract and ſpeculative truths, into the principles and axioms of ſciences, and every thing that tends to render our ideas more general, is not the province of women. Their ſtudies ought to be all practical; it is their buſineſs to apply the principles diſcovered by man, and to make the obſervations by which our ſex is induced to eſtabliſh thoſe principles. The reflections of women, on ſubjects not immediately connected with their duty, ought all to be directed to the knowledge of man, or to ſuch agreeable branches of ſcience that have taſte for their object. With regard to works of genius, they ſurpaſs their comprehenſion; neither have they ſufficient attention and preciſion to ſucceed in the mathematics; and as for natural philoſophy, it belongs only to that ſex, which is moſt active, ſees moſt objects, is poſſeſſed of moſt ſtrength, and exerciſes it the moſt, to judge of the relations of ſenſible beings, and of the laws of nature. The woman being the weaker veſſel, and ſeeing nothing abroad, eſtimates and determines the means ſhe is capable of employing at home to ſupply her weakneſs; and theſe are the paſſions of man. Her mechanical powers are more conſiderable than ours; all her engines are at work, to ſhake the human heart. Whatever is either neceſſary or agreeable to her inclination, and is not in the power of her own ſex to procure, ſhe muſt obtain by means of ours: and for that end it is incumbent on her to enter into a deep ſtudy of the human mind; not by conſidering it abſtractedly, and in general, but by obſerving the minds of thoſe men by whom ſhe is ſurrounded, and to whoſe authority, founded either in poſitive law, or the prejudices of opinion, ſhe is obliged to ſubmit. She muſt learn to diſcover their ſentiments by their diſcourſe, by their actions, by their looks, their geſtures. She muſt endeavour to direct her own diſcourſe, her actions, her looks, her geſtures, in ſuch a manner as to inſpire them with what ſentiments ſhe pleaſes, without appearing to have any ſuch deſign. They will philoſophize better than ſhe in regard to the human heart; but ſhe will be able to read it buch better than they. The diſcovery of experimental morality, if it may be ſo called, is properly their province; ours is to reduce it to a ſyſtem. The women have more wit, men more genius; women obſerve, and men reaſon; this concurrence of both is productive of the cleareſt and moſt adequate idea of the human mind, of the moſt undoubted knowledge of ourſelves and of our ſpecies, that we are capable of acquiring: and thus it is, that art and ingenuity may inceſſantly improve our natural abilities.

The world is a book open to women; when they read any thing wrong therein, it is their own fault, and they are blinded by ſome irregular paſſion. Yet a prudent mother of a family, inſtead of being a woman of the world, lives as recluſe a life as a nun. It would be therefore very proper to behave in the ſame manner to young women who are going to be married, as is practiſed, or ought to be practiſed, in regard to thoſe who take the veil; they ſhould be made to ſee the pleaſures of the world before they relinquiſh them, leſt a falſe repreſentation ſhould ſome time hence ſeduce their hearts, and diſturb the tranquillity of their retreat. In France the young girls lived in convents, and married women were continually rambling abroad. Among the ancients it was quite the contrary; the girls were preſent at public ſports and entertainments; the married women ſpent their days in retirement. The latter cuſtom was more rational, and contributed more to the ſupport of morality. Young girls are allowed in ſome meaſure to be coquettes; their

main buſineſs is to amuſe and divert themſelves. The married women have affairs to mind at home, and no huſbands to ſeek for; but they would not find their account in a reformation of this kind, which muſt therefore drop to the ground, ſince unfortunately it is they that take the lead. Mothers, at leaſt, make your daughters your companions. Endeavour to give them a right ſenſe of things, and an honeſt heart; after which conceal nothing from their view, that is proper for a chaſte eye to behold. Balls, aſſemblies, public ſports, and even theatrical entertainments; in ſhort, every thing that deludes imprudent youth, only by being beheld through a wrong medium, may, without riſk, be expoſed to the view of a perſon of ſound judgment. The earlier they are made acquainted with thoſe tumultuous pleaſures, the ſooner they will be ſurfeited with them.

But here we have raiſed a very ſtrong party againſt us. "Where," ſay they, "are the girls capable of reſiſting ſuch temptations?" The very firſt proſpect of the world is ſufficient to turn their heads, and to intoxicate them forever; when once they have taſted its gaieties, they will never chooſe to leave it. That may be; but before you have exhibited this deceitful repreſentation to their eye, *have you aſſiſted them with preparatory inſtructions, to behold it without emotion?* Have you given them proper notice of the objects it repreſents? Have you deſcribed them in their real colours? Have you guarded them againſt the illuſions of vanity? Have you infuſed into their youthful hearts a taſte for ſuch ſolid pleaſures, as are not to be found in thoſe gaudy ſcenes? What ſtep have you taken to preſerve them from that vicious taſte, by which they are corrupted? Perhaps, inſtead of oppoſing the public prejudices, which began to take root in their minds, you have rather encouraged them; you have excited their curioſity to ſee every frivolous amuſement. You have confirmed their taſte, or rather their folly, by initiating them into thoſe pleaſures. Many a young lady, upon coming into life, has no other directreſs or governante than her own mother, who is oftentimes more ſimple and fooliſh than her daughter, and conſequently incapable of exhibiting the objects to her view in any other light, than as ſhe beholds them herſelf. The mother's example and authority, more prevalent than reaſon, juſtifies the daughter in her own eye, and is a ſufficient apology for her conduct. When we adviſe a mother to introduce her daughter into the world, it is under a ſuppoſition that ſhe is to ſhew it to her in *its real colours.*

(*TO BE CONTINUED.*)

TRIFLES.

Two comedians, belonging to Covent Garden Theatre, having a wager about which of them ſung the beſt, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be the arbitrator on this occaſion.—A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the beſt of their abilities before him. As ſoon as they had finiſhed, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: As for you, Sir, addreſſing himſelf to the firſt, you are by much the *worſt* ſinger I ever heard in my life. Ah, ſaid the other, exultingly, I knew I ſhould win my wager. Stop, Sir, ſays the doctor, I have a word to ſay to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, Sir, you cannot ſing at all.*

—

A Lord intending to take in great part of the common belonging to a town, agreed with a carpenter to have it railed in; My Lord, ſays he, it ſhall be done, and I think I can ſave you ſome charges in the buſineſs: For, ſays he, do you but get poſts, and I doubt not *but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.*

—

A punſter going along the Strand, when a great mob of ſpectators was gathering to ſee a malefactor paſs to his execution at Charing-croſs, aſked a genteel perſon, who was ſtanding ing in the crowd, What was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He anſwered, one *Vowel!*—Ah! ſaid the querieſt, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir, for there are ſeveral of that name?* No, returned the other, I do not. Well ſaid the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, *that it is neither U nor I.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines of "Orlando and Ophelia," are not ſufficiently correct to admit their publication.

"G. No. 2."—"Julia"—"Incog." "Carolinienſis"—The "Bachelor," and Mrs. "G. P. R." are unavoidably poſtponed, but ſhall have a place as early as poſſible.

MARRIED

At Wilmington, (N.C.) on the 27th ult. Mr. Michael Delaney, of this city, to Miſs Fanny Williams, of North-Carolina.

On the 5th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Munds, Mr. George W. Lewis, to Miſs Charlotte Payton.

On the 5th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Munds, John Sherlock, to Miſs Mary Dunscombe.

On the 7th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Keith, Dr. Daniel Legare, to Miſs Elizabeth M. Jones.

DIED

On the 24th ult. in Cheſter Diſtrict, Abraham Patterſon, a native of Ireland.

On the 2nd inſt. Mrs. Rebecca Thomas, wife of Joſeph Thomas.

On the 3rd inſt. Mrs. Rebecca Theus, wife of Simeon Theus, Eſq.

In Prince William's Pariſh, on the 4th inſt. Mrs. Amarinthia L. Lockwood (wife of Joſhua Lockwood) in the 32nd year of her age.

On the 7th inſt. Mrs. Mary Gaffer, aged 70 years.

On the 7th inſt. Mr. Jones of the Charleſton Theatre.

☞ A Lad, about 14 years of age, is wanted as an Apprentice to the Printing Buſineſs—None need apply but ſuch as can bear the teſt of trial —Apply at this Office.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

[Transcribed from the papers of a deceased friend.]

SOLITUDE.—INSCRIBED TO MISS G——.

Hail Solitude!
Superior in thy native charms,
To princely splendor and the pomp of courts.—
Far from those scenes of vanity and vice,
Which led my youthful steps too oft astray;
I seek thy rural shades and calm retreats,
To pass away therein my prime of life,
In silent contemplation of thy charms.—
Thou that invit'st, inspire the youthful muse,
To sing the blessings of a tranquil life,
In strains proportion'd to the lovely theme.—
Blest Solitude! here none invade our peace;
No noisy fops intrude, miscall'd our friends,
The worst of thieves, who steal us from ourselves:
No parasite with microscopic power,
That shews the pigmy's form in giant's size;
But faithful friends, who like the crystal streams
Reflect each image in its native light.—
No midnight revels here disturb our rest;
By day no sounds discordant wound the ear,
But all is harmony; the whispering breeze,
The water's fall, and melody of birds,
Invite the soul to quit its mortal frame,
And gently waft it to its mansion, Heaven.—
Though such thy charms as I've essay'd to paint,
And such the beauties of thy peaceful reign;
How few embrace thee but in fortune's frowns,
When disappointments, grief, or pow'rful love,
Depress and sink the soul; then like a friend,
Thou step'st to our relief, bind'st up our wounds,
With healing balm, and softenest all our cares.—
Oh love! sweet contrariety of passions,
Made up of all the rest; soft syren voice,
Which thus inchant'st, and lead'st thy vot'ries on
In spite of reason's lure to their undoing —
Nor was my *Sylvia* faithless or unkind,
For then another might have eas'd the smart;
But fortune, cruel auth'ress of our woes,
Denied to *Damon* all that she could grant—
The power to make his lovely charmer blest.—
Blind deity! though few, too few there be
Whose hearts are form'd to share connubial bliss,
Still thou direct'st thy baneful influence,
To place a bar betwixt their warmest hopes,
And counteract the great decree of heaven;
Sure there's some secret magic in thy gifts,
That those possessing most, are most unfit
T' enjoy the blissful state; like Tantalus
They have it in their view, but waste the pow'r
(A mind serene) to grasp it to themselves.—
No more let mortals foolishly complain,
And censure providence as too severe,
In ordering our lot; all have the means
Of earthly happiness within their reach.—
When first our great progenitor was form'd,
What paradise was equal to his mind,
Stamp'd with the awful image of his maker!
But when the lov'd resemblance once was lost,
And guilt accurst, usurp'd the sacred seat,
What charms had Eden then?—The glorious presence
Of GOD himself was irksome to his sight.
Tis guilt alone that makes our lot severe—
VIRTUE and SOLITUDE partake of HEAVEN.

H. M.

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

HUDIBRASTIC.

No. I.

TO GREGORY GOGGLE, ESQ.

Sir,

Your humble servant Tommy Tinder,
Cousin German to Peter Pindar:
Or should you think 't will better pass,
The grandson of great Hudibras;
And being allied to men of thrift,
Claims as uncle Jonathan Swift:
And Churchill, who 'd not me disparage,
Might claim a kin by second marriage:
With modern Sat'rists I disclaim
All kin, except it be by name:
Of Trumbell, and such witty souls,
As 'Per-critics, cheek and joles
Resolv'd to hush; the madd'ning rabble,
Who Turkey like, ne'er cease to gabble;
With such your humble servant joins
T' inform you, in these foll'wing lines.
He liketh mainly to be writing,
Else for others to be inditing;
Ventures now to proffer to you
His poetic, and prosaic aid too:
For since the days of Eve and Adam,
In masters, servants, maid, or madam,
The itch for reading, or eke to write,
Has ne'er before reach'd its *acme* height:
But since your fav'rable invitation,
The men and maids of ev'ry nation,
Profusely pour into your treasure,
Songs, ballads, verses, without measure,
And *Caioethies* now prevailing,
The itch to write, all men assailing,
Among the rest your humble servant,
Whose wish to aid you is most fervent;
Who being bless'd with Poetic fire,
And charg'd with judgment, wit and satire,
Prepares to attack by earth or ocean
The puny wits, who 're in commotion,
And being made up of combustion,
Will blaze away at all that 's fustian,
Or Flats or Sharps, or straight or crooked,
Or short or tall, or smooth, or hooked;
Or whate'er smells of Hyper-odium,
Or 's less in value than pure Rhodium;
'Gainst these I'll load, and prime with wind, or
Fire and burn them up to cinder,
Your humble servant, TOMMY TINDER.

SELECTED.

[We do not consider this piece an original one, but as Mathematics constitute a part of the education of our youth, it may afford them a few moments relaxation from the more abstruse studies, in which they may be engaged.]

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Old John, who had in credit lived,
Though now reduc'd, a sum received:
This lucky hit no sooner found,
Than clam'rous duns came swarming round.
To landlord, baker, many more;
John paid in all, pounds ninety-four.
Half what remain'd a friend he lent,
On Joan and self one fifth he spent,
And when of all these sums bereft,
One tenth o' the sum receiv'd had left.
Now show your skill, ye learned youth,
And by your work the sum produce.

Answer requested by X. Y. Z.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Queen of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose;
The Winter 's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breath gently through the sky;
The Lark sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring:
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs
Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the shady woods
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!—
Thou beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair;
Breath soft, ye winds; be calm, ye skies,
Arise ye flow'ry race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day;
Swift as the flow'r your charms will fly:
At morn they bloom, at ev'ning die.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra 's but a name:
Time will indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what Helen 's now.
This moral to the Fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!—

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

While through Life's thorny Road I go,
I will not want Companions too;
A dreary Journey, and alone,
Would be, alas! too troublesome;
But company that 's choice and good,
Makes trouble hardly understood;
For toil divided, seems to be
No toil, but a felicity.
Therefore will I companions take,
As well for ease, as Safety's sake;
Fair Truth shall serve me for a guide,
Justice, shall never leave my side;
Integrity, my trusty guard,
Nor will I Caution quite discard;
Experience, shall my tutor be,
Nor will I wiser seem than he!
Discretion, all my thoughts shall weigh,
And Modesty, my words convey;
Soft Innocence protect my sleep,
And Charity my purse shall keep.
Thus through the wilderness I'll stray,
Nor ever fear to lose my way.
The Sages I sometimes will see,
Be sometimes with the Muses free;
With guildless Mirth an hour beguile,
Or with free-spoken Satyr smile;
With Meditation often walk,
Or with sweet Melancholy talk.
With these companions dear I'll sport,
Nor heed the Journey, long or short,
So Health supply the doctor's place,
And for a chaplain, I've God's Grace.

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

My prime is past, my nerves decay;
My spirits fled, my head grown grey:
My eyes are dim, my bones are old;
My blood 's dry'd up, my body's cold;
My ears are deaf, my joints are weak;
My lips are blue, and pale 's my cheek;
My legs are shrunk, lame are my feet;
My teeth are gone, I scarce can eat;
My youthful sins now make me weep;
I sigh and sob when I should sleep:
My glass is run, I cannot stay,
And Death pursues me for his prey;
But when my wretched soul shall flee,
Alas! is quite unknown to me.
All gracious Heaven! thy mercy grant,
Which, though I merit not, I want!

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITORS,

EVERY SATURDAY,

BY J. HOFF, No. 6. BROAD-STREET, OPPOSITE UNION-STREET.

Price Four Dollars per annum, payable Quarterly in Advance.